Will. No tis Dutch.

Nicke. No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.

Say. Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,
Termde it the ciuel'ſt place of all this land,
Then noble Country-men, heare me but ſpeake,
I ſold not France, I loſt not Normandie.

Cade. But wherefore doeſt thou ſhake thy head ſo?

Say. It is the palſie and not feare that makes me.

Cade. Nay thou nodſt thy head, as who ſay, thou wilt be euen with me, if thou getſt away, but ile make the ſure inough, now I haue thee. Go take him to the ſtanderd in Cheapeſide and chop of his head, and then go to milende-greene, to ſir Iames Cromer his ſonne in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles preſently. (Away with him.

Exet one or two, with the Lord *Say*.

There ſhall not a noble man weare a head on his ſhoulders,
But he ſhall paie me tribute for it.
Nor there ſhal not a mayd be married, but he ſhal fee to me for her.
Maydenhead or elſe, ile haue it my ſelfe,
Marry I will that married men ſhall hold of me in capitie,
And that their wiues ſhalbe as free as hart can thinke, or toong can (tell,

Enter *Robin*.

Robin. O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.

Cade. Runne to Billingſgate, and fetche pitch and flaxe and ſquench it.

Enter *Dicke* and a Sargiant.

Sargiant. Iuſtice, iuſtice, I pray you ſir, let me haue iuſtice of this fellow here.

Cade. Why what has he done?

Sarg. Alaſſe ſir he has rauiſht my wife.

Dicke. Why my Lord he would haue reſted me,
And I went and and entred my Action in his wiues paper houſe.

Cade. Dicke follow thy ſute in her common place,
You horſon villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,
And reſt a man when hees at dinner,
And haue him to priſon ere the meate be out of his mouth.
Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his toong for cogging, Hough

Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Braue him with his owne mace.

Exet with the Sargiant.

Enter two with the Lord *Sayes* head, and ſir Iames Cromers, vpon two poles.

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes ende, let them kiſſe togither.

Enter the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Lord *Clifford* the Earle of *Comberland*.

Clifford. Why country-men and warlike friends of Kent,
What meanes this mutinous rebellions,
That you in troopes do muſter thus your ſelues,
Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?
To riſe againſt your ſoueraigne Lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon ſent to you,
If you forſake this monſtrous Rebell here?
If honour be the marke whereat you aime,
Then haſte to France that our forefathers wonne,
And winne againe that thing which now is loſt,
And leaue to ſeeke your Countries ouerthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford.

They forſake *Cade*.

Cade. Why how now, will you forſake your generall,
And ancient freedome which you haue poſſeſt?
To bend your neckes vnder their ſeruile yokes,
Who if you ſtir, will ſtraightwaies hang you vp,
But follow me, and you ſhall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A Cade, a Cade.

They runne to *Cade* againe.

Cliff. Braue warlike friends heare me but ſpeak a word,
Refuſe not good whilſt it is offered you,
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,
And I my ſelfe will go along with you,
To Winſore Caſtle whereas the King abides,
And on mine honour you ſhall haue no hurt.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God ſaue the King.

Cade. How like a feather is this raſcall company

 Blowe

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